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SUNDAY TIMES

# Weekly review

AUGUST 29 1971

The Illustrated LONDON NEWS  
Ernest Raymond on the Battles of Hampsstead, September issue 25p

## Concluding GRAHAM GREENE'S autobiography 'A Sort of Life'

AS HAPPY ON THE TIMES, I could have remained happy for a lifetime. If I had not in end succeeded in publishing a book, but not the one I was about to publish when I left Nottingham in 1926.

My regular hours were from four in the afternoon to eleven at night, and occasionally I was forced to later. But more often, while services remained as little valuable as they had been at Nottingham, I would be sent away before time, and this worried me.



Graham Greene at the time his first novel, *The Man Within*, was published and (right) with the strike-breaking editorial staff dispatching *The Times* news-sheet in 1926. He is second from the right

My House, All Saints Terrace, my sour Nottingham widow was exchanged for a bedroom in Battersea and a far more melancholy landlady. She was a widow, a landlady, and a miser. Articles of furniture regularly disappeared from my room towards the end of a month to reappear a week later; she had pulled in lock to overcome a temporary difficulty.

When I went out in the evening to Battersea Station to catch a train to Blackfriars I would pass an imposing building with a notice on the railings: "It is forbidden to throw stones at the electric." Wandering along these streets I was passing unobtrusively through the scenery of a future book, *A Sort of Life*. It was five pounds a week was quite a lot to keep a single man. I charged, I think, thirty shillings a week for my room and board, and my dinner in the evening. I was not a miser, but I was a miser.

be published by The Bodley Head (September 16 at £1.50)

on what to do in case of fire—if a bell rang three times we were to file out in an orderly way and proceed I forget where. It was an instruction which seemed as far removed from reality as the little book on style with which each of us was supplied, and in which we read that we must not spell "bunkum" "huncome" or "Marquess" "Marquis".

Now, when an unmistakable fire alarm sounded in the afternoon on the second day of the strike, no one paid any attention. We were all of us a little sleepy, for we had been up the whole previous night while the multiplex machines turned out the famous single sheet of *The Times*, price two pence.

We had worked as loaders and packers, for there was little sub-editing to do, even though the single sheet finally managed to include, apart from news of the strike, a weather report, broadcast, sport, Stock Exchange, and a Court Page of five lines which might have been written by Sir John Betjeman ("The Prince of Wales returned to London from Biarritz last night, travelling from Paris by air"). The machines did not stop till eight in the morning, and then we had all walked home, for there were no trams, no buses, no taxis. Little wonder that not one of us paid any attention at first to the fire alarm.

The bell rang once, twice, three times. Someone asked with mild curiosity, "A fire?" After a while the assistant chief sub-editor,



## THE DAY 'THE TIMES' CAUGHT FIRE

Colonel Maude, rose and moved with his usual elegant and leisurely gait into the corridor. He was a man of great courtesy, very tall and slim with a soft blond moustache; you would have taken him for a military attaché but never for a journalist. I remember that he always apologised to me in a low drawing voice when he handed me any work at all—even a small paragraph for the News in Brief on a prize vegetable marrow—and now, when he returned to the room and sat down, it took quite a time to realise that *The Times*—so he was telling us—had been set on fire.

He was seated again at the long table, which was usually presided over by the chief sub-editor, George Anderson, but it was opening-time and at opening-time Anderson always took a short leave of absence. The strikers apparently had squirted petrol through a grating into the basement and had managed to set alight one of the great rolls of paper.

Maude obviously was not disturbed, there was no copy to deal with, and my fellow sub-editors chatted a little while on the subject of fires in general and the feasibility of burning down *The Times*. One of the sub-editors was an elderly man who ran a small farm in the country and therefore always dealt with the agricultural page. He told us a few anecdotes about rick-fires, which passed the time until the all-clear sounded.

Later that night there was a small fight between the loaders, of whom I was one, and the pickets in Printing House Square; the Sporting Department acted as storm-troops and there were few casualties. Nor was there any bad feeling. The revolutionary atmosphere south of the river died away on the bridges.

More from curiosity than from any wish to support the Establishment I became a special constable and I used to parade of a morning with a genuine policeman the length of Vauxhall Bridge. There was a wonderful hush of London that we were not to know again until the blitz, and there was the exciting sense of living on a frontier, close to violence. Armoured cars paraded the streets, and just as during the blitz certain areas, Bloomsbury and Euston among them, were more unhealthy than others like Hampstead and St John's Wood, so Camberwell and Hammersmith were now considered more dangerous than the City.

Our two-man patrol always ceased at the south end of Vauxhall Bridge, for beyond lay the enemy streets where groups of strikers stood outside the public houses. A few years later my sympathies would have lain with them, but the great depression was still some years away; the middle-class had not yet been educated by the hunger-marchers. On the side of the Establishment it was a game, a break in the monotony of earning a secure living, at its most violent the atmosphere was that of a rugged match played against a team from a rather rough council school which didn't stick to the conventional rules. "I'm almost sorry now that it's over," I wrote home, "as we had as much free beer as we wanted at the office while it was on."

There was yet another advantage. I felt accepted now. I even received a silver match-box from the management. My three months' trial was not yet finished, but in the cameraderie of free beer and unusual duties I had become an established member of the staff. Oxford had at least taught me to drink pint by pint with any man.

sub-editor, apart from myself, was so fastidious that he could eat nothing, he said, which had been touched by the human hand: for dinner in the canteen he took only a cup of tea. Yet he was plump enough, so that he must have had somewhere at home a hygienic source of supply. I connected his fastidiousness with his employment, for he was in charge of the Court Page and he had a desk all to himself, loaded with such reference books as the *Almanach de Gotha*, *Debrett's Peerage* and *Burke's Landed Gentry*.

There were other faces which returned to me often later in dreams. At least once a year, until quite recently, I dreamt I was entering the sub-editors' room after a long absence. I would find an empty chair but not in my old place, and I would feel a sense of shame because I had been away so long and had returned only

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temporarily (the faces I saw around me were many of them by this time the faces of the dead). I would take Crookford down from the shelf over the coal-grate and check the name of an obscure vicar who had grown a prize vegetable marrow.

I CAN THINK OF NO BETTER career for a young novelist than to be for some years a sub-editor on a rather conservative newspaper. The hours, from four till around midnight, give him plenty of time to do his own work in the morning when he is still fresh from sleep—let the office employ him during his hours of fatigue. He has the company of intelligent and agreeable men of greater experience than his own: he is not enclosed by himself in a small room tormented by the problems of expression; and, except for rare periods of rush, even his working hours leave him time for books and conversation (most of us brought a book to read between one piece of copy and another).

Nor is the work monotonous. Rather as in the game of Scrabble the same letters are continually producing different words, no one knows at four o'clock what the evening may produce, and death does not keep a conventional hour. The young sub-editor gains too some small insights into the vanities of the famous. J. M. Barrie before making a speech would send to *The Times* a typescript which included some passages that his audience must have taken for whimsical impromptus. (His speeches were always printed verbatim in the first person—a distinction he shared only with the Prime Minister.) "I see the Archbishop of Canterbury smiling sceptically in my direction and wickedly shaking his head."

I would read this at four-thirty in an after-dinner speech which was to be delivered at ten. Did the Archbishop have a prompt copy?

Another amusement was to discover unconscious obscenities in the copy handed in—not always perhaps unconscious. Charles Marriott, the art critic, was continually trying, or so it seemed, to slip something by, and the correspondence editor himself was responsible, at the time when Hyde Park was much in the news because

of the Chiozza Money case, for the headline, "Blocking in Hyde Park." And while the young writer is spending these amusing and unexacting hours, he is learning lessons valuable to his own craft. He is removing the clichés of reporters; he is compressing a story to the minimum length possible without ruining its effect. A writer with a sprawling style is unlikely to emerge from such an apprenticeship. It is the opposite training to the penny-a-liner.

The man who was of chief importance to me in those days was the chief sub-editor, George Anderson. I hated him in my first week, but I grew almost to love him before three years had passed. A small elderly Scotsman with a flushed face and a laconic humour, he drove a new sub-editor hard with his sarcasm. Sometimes I almost fancied myself back at school again, and I was always glad when five-thirty came, for immediately the clock marked the hour when the pubs opened he would take his bowler hat from the coat-rack and disappear for thirty minutes to his favourite bar.

His place would be taken by the gentle and courteous Colonel Maude. Maude was careful to see that the new recruit was given no story which could possibly stretch his powers, and if he had been chief sub-editor I doubt if I would ever have got further than a News in Brief paragraph.

At the stroke of six, when Anderson returned and hung up his bowler, his face would have turned a deeper shade of red, to match the rose he carried always in his buttonhole, and his shafts of criticism, as he scanned my copy with perhaps a too flagrant headline, would have acquired a tang of friendliness.

More than two years went by, and my novel *The Man Within* had been accepted by a publisher, before I discovered, one slack evening, when there was hardly enough news to fill the Home pages for the ten o'clock edition, that a poet *manqué* had dug those defences of disappointed sarcasm. When a young man, Anderson had published a volume of translations from Verlaine; he had sent it to Swinburne at The Pines and he had been entertained there for tea and kind words by Watts-Dunton, though I don't think he was allowed to see the poet. He never referred to the episode again, but I began to detect in him a harsh but paternal apprehension for another young man, flushed with pride in a first book, who might suffer the same disappointment.

When I came to resign he spent a long time arguing with me, and I think his real reason for trying to prevent my departure was that he foresaw a time might come when novel-writing would fail me and I would need, like himself, a quiet and secure life with the pubs opening at half-past five and the coal settling in the grate.

No other group of men—not even the air-raid wardens at my post in Gower Street during the blitz nor my fellows later in the Secret Service—have so planted themselves, nameless though they may have become, in my memory. Perhaps this is always the case with a young man's first real job: the impression in the wax will never go quite so deep again.

Even those with whom I had only a transient contact are impressed there: Geoffrey Dawson, the editor (whatever his later politics of appeasement I can only remember his kindness to a young employee); Vladimir Poliakoff, the diplomatic correspondent, in a grey homburg hat with a very large brim, who would come into our room to consult the files, carrying with him an air of worldliness and mystery (why was he not reading the next door in the foreign room where he naturally belonged? Perhaps he wished to remain for obscure

reasons of state incognito); the medical correspondent, Doctor McNair Wilson, who was, I think, more an authority on Napoleon than on medicine; and in my last year the future editor, Barrington Ward, a cold complacent man, prematurely bald, who suddenly appeared, like an unspoken threat, unexplained and inexplicable, in the room of kindly old Murray Brumwell, the assistant editor.

Barrington-Ward had, I can see now, the smooth assured air of a Dauphin, but I thought of him even in those early days as Pecksniff, though Pecksniff had a good head of hair. Later, when I had fallen on evil days and tried to return to *The Times*, he wrote me a letter which Pecksniff could not have bettered. "Since your day," he wrote with a vague reminiscence of Longfellow, "the tents have been folded and moved on."

THAT SUMMER I FINISHED my second novel and wrote to my mother. "The gamble of the thing is getting it typewritten, as one has to have two copies against wear and tear. Could you advance me five pounds and let me pay you back at the rate of about ten shillings a week?" They were few wasted pounds, and I can only hope I paid her back.

I sent the typescript to Heinemann. It was July, 1926. There was an acknowledgement and afterwards a long silence—it seemed as irrevocably lost as though I had dropped it into the coal-fire of the sub-editor's room.

Months went by... the new year came... February... March... I even began a third book which I soon abandoned, a detective novel, the first of so many unfinished novels—*Fanatic Arabia*, which in spite of its title taken from Doughty began in a London bus station and was never intended to move farther than the Midlands; *Across the Border*, an African story, which opened in Berkhamsted; a school novel of a timid boy's blackmail of the housemaster who had protected him; a spy story called *A Sense of Security*. Even today, until I have passed a quarter of the course, I am uncertain whether I will be able to reach the end.

The detective story I still believe to have been ingenious. A young governess was found murdered in a country house, and a multiplicity of strange clues baffled the police. Only the local priest recognised behind them a child's psychology and realised where they led—to a small girl of twelve who had committed the crime because her beloved governess was in love with a man. The priest, of course, did not betray the child.

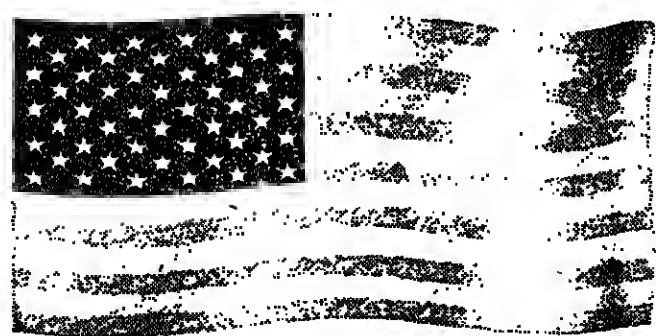
Now I can detect the various threads of my short experience which intermingled: my sister's governess, jealousy of the man she was to marry, even Father Trollope and my new conversion; yet, if I had been asked about the story then, I would have said it bore no relation whatever to my life.

It is better to remain in ignorance of oneself and to forget easily. Let the unemployed continue to lurk around the pubs in Vauxhall Bridge Road and the kidnappers drive out of Heidelberg towards the frontier, safely and completely forgotten; we ought to leave the forgotten to the night. If one day they find their way into a book, it should be without our connivance and so disguised that we don't recognise them when we see them again.

All that we can easily recognise as our experience in a novel is mere reporting; it has a place, but an unimportant one. It provides an anecdote, it fills in gaps in the narrative. It may legitimately provide a background, and sometimes we have to fall back on it when the imagination falters. Perhaps a novelist has a greater ability to forget than other men—he has to forget or become sterile. What he forgets is the compost of the imagination.

EIGHT MONTHS WENT BY WITH no reply from Heinemann, and at last I wrote to remind them of my typescript. I felt sure that this would bring me no luck, and I was not surprised when a bulky package came quickly back. The managing director, Charles Evans, wrote himself, apologising for the delay. There had been two contradictory reports, so he had wished to read the novel himself and now, in spite of his interest, he regretted... At the same time he hoped I would show him my next book.

That this was a polite formula for a mislaid manuscript seems obvious to me now, but I was a novice and I was so encouraged by his words that I never sent the manuscript elsewhere, content to abide by Heinemann's decision. I would write one novel more, I decided, and, if the third book proved as unsuccessful as the others, I would abandon this ambition forever. I was established on... continued on next page



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# GRAHAM GREENE

continued from preceding page

The Times, and marriage would be possible in another year.

"I knew nothing of a letter lying in my parents' files, like a little time-bomb, which was to make that future seem doubtful. Perhaps they had forgotten it themselves, as one forgets an unpleasant fact one has lived with for a long time and cannot alter, and it was only my sudden illness which brought it back to mind.

The doctor to whom I complained of recurrent pains was a dangerous man to consult. I had picked him at random as I wandered down a Battersea Street troubled by a sharper stab of pain than usual. His brass plate caught my eye on a house not far from the railway viaduct. Smoke coated his panes, an aspidistra drooped on his window-sill, starved of tea-leaves, and his door vibrated gently as the trains emerged from Clapham Junction.

The doctor opened the door himself, a young Hindu, and showed me into a dingy consulting room where he must have been waiting with eastern patience for the sick to seek him out. He judged my pulse and took my temperature and prodded where the pain lay; then he gave me a bottle of medicine ready prepared which he said would do the trick. I think he charged six shillings for the consultation and the bottle.

Luckily over the telephone I told my brother, who was now an intern at Westminster Hospital, what had happened, and that night I found myself in a public ward at his hospital to be operated on for appendicitis with the least possible delay. The Hindu doctor stayed in my mind—a symbol of the shabby, the inefficient and possibly the illegal, and he left his trace, with another doctor, on some pages of A Gun for Sale.

As I lay in the ward after the operation (in those days they kept the patient at least a week) I began to plan my third novel, the forlorn hope. I called it The Man Within, and it began with a hunted man, who was to appear again and again in later romantic hooks. But curiously enough there came to me also in the ward, with the death of a patient, the end of a book which I would not begin to write for another six years.

It was our second death. The first we had barely noticed: an old man dying from cancer of the mouth. He had been too

long and ill to join in the high jinks of the ward, the courtship of nurses, the teasings, the ticklings and the pinches. When the screens went up around his bed the silence in his corner was no deeper than it had always been. But the second death disturbed the whole ward. The first was inevitable fate, the second was contingency.

The victim was a boy of ten. He had been brought into the ward one afternoon, having broken his leg at football. He was a cheerful child with a rosy face and his parents stayed and chatted with him for a while until he settled down to sleep. One of the nurses ten minutes later paused by his bed and leant over him. Suddenly there was a burst of activity, a doctor came hurrying in, screens went up around the bed, an oxygen machine was run squeaking across the floor, but the child had out-distanced them all to death.

By the time the parents reached home, a message was waiting to summon them urgently back. They came and sat beside the bed, and to shut out the sound of the mother's

*'There is a splinter of ice in the heart of a writer. I watched and listened'*

tears and cries all my companions in the ward lay with their earphones on, listening—there was nothing else for them to hear—to Children's Hour.

All my companions but not myself. There is a splinter of ice in the heart of a writer. I watched and listened. This was something which one day I might need: the woman speaking, uttering the banalities she must have remembered from some woman's magazine, a genuine grief that could communicate only in clichés. "My boy, my boy, why did you not wait till I came?"

The father sat silent with his hat on his knees, and you could tell that even in his unhappiness he was embarrassed by the banality of his wife's words, by the scene she was so badly playing to the public ward, and he wanted desperately to get away home and be alone.

"Human language," Flaubert wrote, "is like a cracked kettle on which we heat out tunes for bears to dance to, when all the time we

are longing to move the stars to pity."

After two weeks I returned to The Times, but perhaps because I had returned too soon, I fainted my first evening at work. I was given another week's holiday and went to Brighton. I thought no more of the affair, unaware of the time-bomb ticking in my mother's desk. (I have the little machine before me now, a letter written five years before, in 1921, to my father by Kenneth Richmond.)

My mother wrote to me in Brighton asking me when I returned to London to go and see my old analyst, Kenneth Richmond no longer lived in the trim little house in Devonshire Terrace off Lancaster Gate, but a larger and darker house without any memories for me. We talked a little of my second novel and he offered to help me in my search for a publisher, but I felt sure this was not the purpose of my invitation.

And then, unexpectedly, he reminded me of what I had quite forgotten, an occasion when I had once fainted at his dinner table. Afterwards he had taken me to see a specialist in Harley Street: a small dark intense man whose features are now confused in my memory with those of the actor Ernest Milton and of Colonel de Castries of Dien Bien Phu.

"Your mother tells me you are engaged to be married," Richmond said. "Now about this fainting, attack at The Times. I remembered how the specialist had questioned me about earlier attacks of fainting in the summer stiffness of the school chapel. Many children, I told myself, went through such a phase. "Doctor Riddick diagnosed epilepsy," Richmond said.

Epilepsy, cancer and leprosy—these are the three medical terms which rouse the greatest fear in the untutored, and at twenty-two one is unprepared for so final a judgment. Epilepsy, Richmond went on, could be inherited: I must consider the risk carefully before marriage, and he sought to comfort me by pointing out that Dostoevsky too had suffered from epilepsy.

I couldn't think of a reply. Dostoevsky was a dead Victorian writer, not a youth without a book to his name who had pledged himself to marry me. Let me see your novel," Richmond said, meaning to be kind. "What is the title?" "The Episode," I said.

I left the house and began walking fast towards South Kensington, the King's Road, Oakley Street, the Albert Bridge, away from this

episode. When I got home I wrote a letter; they had left things rather late, I said, before informing me. Poor souls, I can sympathise with them now as I read the letters which were written to them on the same day by Richmond and Doctor Riddick.

Doctor Riddick's was frightening, even in its moderation. "The attacks to which he is occasionally subject, are, I think, epileptic; but since he has lost consciousness in three only, there is a reasonably good chance that, with suitable treatment, the condition may be arrested." The treatment seemed to consist of good walks and Keppel's Malt Extract.

Richmond's letter was more encouraging, and my mother in pencil had pathetically underlined all the optimistic phrases she could find, perhaps to comfort my father—"quite likely to clear up completely," "no cause for alarm"—even the phrase about Dostoevsky is trotted out and surprisingly underlined, but then follows what I think was unfair and dangerous advice. "We agreed that Graham ought not to be told what is the matter in any terms that included the word epilepsy."

Was the diagnosis right? With the hindsight of forty years, free from any recurrence, I don't believe it, but I believed it then. I remember next day standing on an Underground platform and trying to summon the will and the courage to jump.

It was not my new Catholicism which restrained me. There was no theological despair in what I felt. I was simply tried out by the thought of starting a completely different future from the one I had planned. But suicide requires greater courage than Russian roulette, the trains came and went, and soon I took the moving staircase to the upper world.

My next thought was of an elderly priest, Father Talbot of the Oratory. I had been passed on to him—a fashion priestly have—by Father Trollope of Nottingham, and I had spent many agreeable hours with him in discussion and argument at his quiet chambers in the Oratory, as unclerical as rooms in college. He was a man of very liberal views, and surely, I thought despairingly, he would have some answer to my greatest problem: that if I were epileptic, I must avoid having children. Surely there must be some cranny of canon law or moral theology that would contain a ruling for just such a case as mine.

He asked me to go out with

him, and for the next hour we drove in a taxi, crossing and recrossing the same rectangle between the Brompton Road and Bayswater, just as we crossed and recrossed the same lines of argument. Under no circumstances at all was contraception permissible. "The Church forbids me to marry thee?"

"Of course we don't forbid marriage."

"Do you expect married people to live together without making love?"

"The Church expects you to trust God, that's all."

Up and down, over and over, a useless embroidery which made no pattern.

How differently he would have answered my question today, telling me, I have no doubt, to follow my conscience, which even then was elastic enough for almost anything. Catholics have sometimes accused me of making my clerical characters, Father Rank in The Heart of the Matter and Father James in The Living Room, fall unnecessarily before the human problems they were made to face. "A real priest," I have been told, "would have had something further to say, he would have shown a deeper comprehension, he wouldn't have left the situation so unchanged."

But that is exactly what in those days, before John Roncalli was elected Pope, the priesthood was compelled to do. There was no failure in comprehension. Father Talbot was a man of the greatest human sympathy, but he had no solution for me at all. There was only one hard answer he could honestly give ("the Church knows all the rules," as Father Rank said), while the meter of the taxi ticked away the repetitions of our fruitless argument. It was the Rock of Peter I was aware of in our long drive, and though it repulsed me, I couldn't help admiring its unyielding facade.

My misery did not last long. My brother, by this time a doctor, was the first to question the diagnosis, and then the medical correspondent, Doctor Macnair Wilson, who had been in the sub-editor's room when I fainted, confirmed that he had seen no symptom whatever of epilepsy.

I MARRIED, AND I WAS happy. In the evenings I worked at The Times, in the mornings I worked on my third novel. Now when I write I put down on the page a mere skeleton of a novel—nearly all my revisions are in the nature of additions, of second thoughts to make the bare

bones live—but in those days to revise was to prune and prune and prune.

I was much tempted, perhaps because of my admiration for the Metaphysical poets, by exaggerated similes and my wife became an adept at shooting them down. There was one, I remember, comparing something or someone in the quiet landscape of Sussex to a leopard crouching in a tree, which gave a name to the whole species. Leopards would be marked daily on the manuscript, but it took a great many years for me to get the beasts under control, and they growl at me sometimes yet.

One day in the winter of 1928 I lay in bed with a bad attack of flu, listening to my wife in the kitchen washing up the breakfast things. I had

*'I was unprepared for the failures... I would have refused to believe that success is slow'*

posted copies of the typescript to Heinemann and The Bodley Head about ten days before, and I was now resigned to a long delay. Hadn't I waited last time nine months for a refusal? Anyway, uncertainty was more agreeable to live with than the confirmation of failure.

The telephone rang in the sitting-room and my wife came in and told me, "There's a Mr Evans wants to speak to you."

"I don't know anyone called Evans," I said. "Tell him I'm in bed. Tell him I'm ill. Suddenly a memory came back to me: Evans was the chairman of Heinemann's, and I ran to snatch the telephone.

"I've read your novel," he said. "We'd like to publish it. Would it be possible for you to look in here at eleven?" My flu was gone in that moment and never returned.

Nothing in a novelist's life later can equal that moment—the acceptance of his first book. Triumph is unalloyed by any doubt of the future. Mounting the wide staircase in the elegant eighteenth-century house in Great Russell Street I could have no foreboding of the failures and frustrations of the next ten years.

Charles Evans was a remarkable publisher. With his bald head and skinny form he looked like a family solicitor lean with anxieties, but a solicitor who had taken an overdose of some invigorating vitamin. His hands and legs

were never still. He did everything, from shaking hands to ringing a bell, in quick jerks.

"No publisher," he said, "can ever guarantee success, but all the same we have hopes..." He was as good as his word, selling more than 8,000 copies of the novel, so that I was all the more unprepared for the failures which succeeded it. In the flush of that success I would have refused to believe that success is slow and not sudden and that ten years later, with my tenth novel, The Power and the Glory, the publisher could risk printing only 3,500 copies, one thousand copies more than he had printed of my first novel.

Leaving The Times was even more difficult than joining it and took almost as long. A few months after the publication of The Man Within, while I struggled with another novel, The Name of Action (the only good thing about the book was its title and that was suggested to me by Clementine Dane), I wrote to Charles Evans a black-mailing letter: I told him I must choose between The Times and novel-writing—I couldn't continue to do both. He replied offering me, if I chose to resign, £800 a year for three years (half to be supplied by my American publisher) in return for three novels.

I did so choose, but how was I to set about it? I had been happy on The Times, I couldn't just write a letter to the manager and walk out. I consulted George Anderson, and we held long dialogues together, while he reasoned with me. I had a great future, he assured me—one day, if I were only patient for a few more years, I might hope to be the correspondence editor.

Already, when the correspondence editor was on holiday, I tasted the glory of deputising for him and this brought me into direct contact with the editor, Geoffrey Dawson himself. Closeted with the editor every afternoon at four o'clock I argued the merits of the letters and we decided which was to lead the page. I was exalted by the contact, especially when, as sometimes happened, I won the argument.

At last Anderson realised how strong was my determination to leave, but he agreed that first I must have a word with the editor, and the editor was hopelessly elusive. There were even moments when I wondered whether Anderson had warned him of my inten-

tion. If I tried to make appointment he was always engaged, if I went to his room it was empty or he was in with a distinguished visitor.

It was weeks before I caught him—I had the uncomfortable sense of doing something beyond the bounds of politeness like wearing a bright coloured tie with a dinner jacket. Indeed I began to believe that no sub-editor ever before resigned from The Times, just as no one had been sacked from the page since the ungentlemanly dismissal of Lord Northcliffe.

Dawson, when I cornered him at last, took the convention urbanely into his hands. He said he understood that I had written a novel, he congratulated me on success—his wife had manded a copy from her circulating library. The Times assured me, would have objection if I continued to write novels in my spare time. I art critic, Mr Charles Marsh had done so for many years, and even the dramatic critic Mr Charles Morgan, had published one or two. Indeed time might have almost come to try me out with an occasional third leader. However, if mind were really made up, could only say it was a rash, unfortunate decision.

I had a further interview before leaving on December 1929, with the assistant editor Murray Brumwell, who seemed an elderly schoolmaster and perhaps, for I reason, always transformed into a tongue-tied pupil. It was too late to argue with me, he said, but he would imply me to take care of my head and not to overwork.

I smiled a little, thinking I had been doing two jobs: working eleven hours a day, was only later I realised I overwork is not a matter of hours and that he had given reason.

So I left the congenial faces under the green shields, faces which remain vivid to me now when gossamer of their owners are forgotten as those of close friends and women I have loved, the years to come I was blithe to regret my decision. I thought I was a writer already and the world wasn't like that. I only a false start.

© Graham Greene, 1971

[concluded]

## ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

Summer Season until September 16

### LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

This week: LE BEAU DANUBE and GISELLE

"Giselle," a major achievement—"D. Express

September 6 to 11: THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

September 13 to 16: PETROUCHKA, SYLPHIDES, DON QUIXOTE pas de deux, SCHEHERAZADE

Sept 7.30, Mats. 2.30, 5.00, 7.30, 9.00. Tickets: 50p, 75p, £1.00, £1.25, £1.50, £2.00, £2.50, £3.00, £3.50, £4.00, £4.50, £5.00, £5.50, £6.00, £6.50, £7.00, £7.50, £8.00, £8.50, £9.00, £9.50, £10.00, £10.50, £11.00, £11.50, £12.00, £12.50, £13.00, £13.50, £14.00, £14.50, £15.00, £15.50, £16.00, £16.50, £17.00, £17.50, £18.00, £18.50, £19.00, £19.50, £20.00, £20.50, £21.00, £21.50, £22.00, £22.50, £23.00, £23.50, £24.00, £24.50, £25.00, £25.50, £26.00, £26.50, £27.00, £27.50, £28.00, £28.50, £29.00, £29.50, £30.00, £30.50, £31.00, £31.50, £32.00, £32.50, £33.00, £33.50, £34.00, £34.50, £35.00, £35.50, £36.00, £36.50, £37.00, £37.50, £38.00, £38.50, £39.00, £39.50, £40.00, £40.50, £41.00, £41.50, £42.00, £42.50, £43.00, £43.50, £44.00, £44.50, £45.00, £45.50, £46.00, £46.50, £47.00, £47.50, £48.00, £48.50, £49.00, £49.50, £50.00, £50.50, £51.00, £51.50, £52.00, £52.50, £53.00, £53.50, £54.00, £54.50, £55.00, £55.50, £56.00, £56.50, £57.00, £57.50, £58.00, £58.50, £59.00, £59.50, £60.00, £60.50, £61.00, £61.50, £62.00, £62.50, 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MAURICE WIGGIN ON THE NEW TV SEASON  
CYRIL CONNOLLY: MAILER VERSUS WOMEN'S LIB  
CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF

A. C. H. Smith reports from Shiraz on the latest stage of a remarkable theatrical odyssey

PETER BROOK IN PERSIA

THE VILLAGE of Uzbaki, about 50 miles east of Tehran is basically a large, oblong walled village, with houses built into the mud-brick walls. It is 20 minutes' drive from the nearest road, across a flat, dusty plain. In the village at noon, recently, walked a company of actors from four continents, headed by Peter Brook.

For an hour they walked around, adding and smiling respectfully at the villagers, and conversing as best they could. In the early evening they returned, at the village's invitation, to a comic show, mostly in mime, on a raised platform in the middle of the courtyard. The audience, fifty or so villagers, sat on the ground, some on the floor, some on the shoulders of the first actors to enter. They watched the silent-film-like scenes with some applause, smiles, and outright laughter on a few of the men; but no response as ever exaggerated.

Brook had been told that the villagers could not understand a moment of it; that they would probably take cover and throw stones. He wanted to put the prediction to the test: to conduct an experiment in theatre, justifying the title of his International Centre for Theatre Research, which last June moved from Paris to work in three months in Persia, as suggested by Persian actors. He had also been told that the villagers would not tolerate sexual comedy, nor women acting, and of these things he did take heed. After the how the company's actresses (including Brook's wife, Jean Monod) were restricted to sitting at the edge of the carpet and taking music, were asked by the village women why they hadn't joined in.

Another night there was a different, though related, experiment. The festival of the village, which had been the first of Persia, was asked by the village women why they hadn't joined in.

climbed up a mountain to the tomb of Artaxerxes II at III—Persia is rich in antiquities. The first paying spectators to see the ICTR at work since Brook founded it last autumn. What they saw was twenty-five actors in a series of scenes written by Ted Hughes, entitled *Orghast*, which in outline follows the Prometheus myth, but also incorporates legends from Calderon, Manichaeism, Japanese folk tale, and untranslatable passages of Aeschylus, Seneca, and Aeschylus, the language of ancient Zoroastrianism, preserved in scripts on cowhide discovered at Persepolis.

The music holding together this extraordinary body of work is Orghast, a language Hughes has invented for dramatic purposes. The resources of speech, even when—no, especially when—it is in a language no one on stage or off can understand literally, is one of Brook's present preoccupations in his research.

Another preoccupation is the search for new conditions of performance, fresh relationships between actors and audience. Any conventional theatre is not, in Brook's view, a phrase, an empty space. It is a place filled with preconceptions of what can, and cannot, be done. Orghast is currently being played at sunset in the small, enclosed space of Artaxerxes' tomb, and next weekend a second part of the work will be played at dawn, at the vast site of four other imperial tombs, so epic space, a few kilometres away from Persepolis. At both places, the only artificial lighting used is fire.

The same search led to Uzbaki, and similar work in other villages around Shiraz and Isfahan. The carpet show was

polarised between street theatre and enormous productions like Rabelais, Orlando Furioso (both of which visited Britain) and 1789 (which is coming to the Round House soon). "The avant-garde can't be healthy," according to Brook, "without the total sanity of its opposite. It is the opposite of the Artistic pole. When you see all those expectant, open faces, you can't leave them unfulfilled. You have to make a circle to include them."

He thought it an equally valuable exercise for Ted Hughes, or for any writer. "The job of producing something to meet a precise demand, as practical as leaving a note for the milkman, is the only way for a writer to get past the impasse of self-critical perfectionism."

The very first exercise Brook set the company last autumn, when they assembled in Paris not knowing each other, was to transform the hideously bleak hall where they began into "a place for a meal and entertainment. Our job is to make it intimate." They had three hours. The result was a set within the hall, built with strips of coloured paper, and furnished with things fetched from all over Paris. The excitement of making it gave life to everything that was done inside it. Then it was cleared away, not a trace left. "That was the essential blueprint of what we are learning about popular entertainment, the ability to assess a whole situation."

Uzbaki had been more successful than any of the Paris shows. It had awoken echoes of that first day, when the tent was built. "What we found in innocence we have had to rebuild painfully in experience. It is not a question of the intrinsic value of the material we use, but of the completeness of the circle we make."



Peter Brook, right, with Jean Monod at Artaxerxes' tomb

Harold Hobson at the Edinburgh Festival finds light amid the darkness of experimental theatre; J. W. Lambert on the new Peter Terson in London

Beauties and the Beast

THE VERY Reverend Harry Whitty's sermon in St. Giles last Sunday inaugurating the Edinburgh Festival was one of the best feats of oratory it has ever seen my good fortune to hear. It was a great, sustained, and averted cry of lamentation that the old certainties have been eroded, and that the young espouse them; the more moving because the preacher declared with a superb and desperate fluency that the light which shines in darkness will never be ascertained, despite the "dark ages" which he sees in this festival.

The dark, the permissive theatre has in fact given us little value. That is because as yet little minds of small capacity have concerned themselves with it. But when a man with a sensitivity as delicate as that of Harold Whitty writes a personal play, such as in the past he has provoked such denunciation, it is a thing to be reckoned with. That at least is proved by the large and thoughtful audiences which are making long journeys to the festival in Edinburgh. In the Royal Edinburgh Hospital to see his *Lying Figures*, presented by the Samuel Beckett Theatre. In this play, which is a collaboration with Nova Lewellyn, appear either partially or wholly naked, the figures seem to be as exquisite as the paintings of Van Dongen or the engravings of Ukiyo. It is morally sick to condemn them. The spectator who sees nothing but lechery in "Lying Figures"

may honestly feel that he is upholding high moral principles, but in fact he is merely revealing himself as the victim of a disconcerting psychological obsession.

Mr Warner has written a surrealistic play in large and subtle, wit and beauty, and its meaning is not very far from that of the text on which Dr Whitty preached. However unhappy and full of domestic quarrels and betrayals life may be, it can yet be looked back upon with a certain serenity and joy. The play is not extinguished. In the final scene Evie Garratt and Malcolm Hayes, as a dead woman and man, speak of autumn and summer with a morose and radiant, and a dreamy tenderness to the body of his tender ritual over the body of a dead baby. Miss Schofield and Miss Lewellyn are as beautiful in speech as in looks, and Graham Lines keeps the humour of his part well within the frame-work of the play, which is directed by Mr Warner himself.

It would not be a bad thing if this celebrated Russell Hunter, who was once so good as Lord Cockburn, were to study Mr Lines' performance. Mr Hunter appears as James Hogg in Jack Roder's adaptation of Hogg's *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* (Lycium), and in his over-emphasised caricature of Scottish shepherds and judges very nearly

from the Throne of God. This is the theme of Hogg's amazing work.

The technique is that of Anouilh in "Dear Antoine." The murder of his brother by the religious-minded hero is shown both as it happened, and as he justified it. The differences between the re-enacted events are not marked with Anouilh's theatrical skill, and to those who have not read Hogg they may well seem confused. But the play remains a powerful indictment of Scottish theology, despite Mr Hunter's bringing it close to disaster. Richard Kane's sneaking, snivelling murderer of tradition is finely transformed into a man convinced that he can commit no sin.

JOHN FLINN's *Looking at the Ground* (Oxford Theatre Group at St Mary's Hall) turns an Edwardian soiree into a ritual of Henry Jamesian delicacy. Through the intrusion into the party of a girl who has an undisclosed engagement elsewhere, a man and his rich, composed mistress reconsider their relationship in formal terms exquisitely balanced. As the mistress Joanna Fowler shows a controlled repose, especially in the last act, for half of which she stands absolutely motionless. Charles Sturridge as the man beautifully reveals a gnawing anxiety beneath an appearance of ease; he has an admirable stillness, like

the stillness of Miss Powell, at the moment he provokes into hysteria the unexplained visitor. The play may be reality: it may be a fantasy. It is too tenuous for football crowds, but to those who can appreciate its strange mesmeristic authority, it will be a highlight of the Festival. It is acted with an overwrought perfection rare in University productions.

SHAKESPEARE is bursting out all over the Festival. At the Assembly Hall there is the Prospect King Lear with Timothy West; at the Haymarket Ice Rink the Young Vic's *A Comedy of Errors*. From Durham University comes Henry IV, Part One; from Alford, Lincolnshire, the New College of Speech and Drama a musical called *Hank Cinq* and from the College of Marin Wild West. USA, a "cowboy" Taming of the Shrew. I hope to look at this Shakespeare question more when I want to mention T. G. Martin's production of *Macbeth* for the Prospect Players of Kingston-upon-Hull College of Education, which finishes at Wilkie Hall next Saturday. Marion Garaghty is a young and pretty actress, as well as a purposeful Lady Macbeth; the play is swift-moving and full of interesting inventions such as a masterly handling of the wanderlust of Birnam Wood, and Banquo haeged instead of stabbed. These built up a sinister atmosphere through which Frank Williams's moves with grave impressiveness.

Sure-footed in the gym

Good Lads at Heart (Jeannette Cochrane) is the fifth of Peter Terson's annual contributions to the National Youth Theatre, and much the best since the opening pair, Zigzag-Zagger and The Apprentices.

These plays are about subjects of social concern; all too easy to make them sound like tracts, but their important qualities are energy, humanity, humour and balance. All splendidly embodied this time by the young cast, un-checked by the stressful need for character-acting beyond their years.

The scene is the gymnasium of what used to be called an Approved School. Climbing ropes and patterns of varnished bars frame the turbulence of a score of boys ranging from shy schemers to the natural born bully and an unerring psychopath. Both production and dialogue, Terson makes clear, are co-operative jobs involving, as much as himself, Michael Croft and Barrie Butler, directors, Gerald Kitching, the discipline designer, the cast and several knowledgeable experts. The result is a tizzing, rhythmic, stirring piece which one would hope will be acted in and by the sort of places it depicts.

The present company's perfectly tuned movement reflects mood and character as clearly as the dialogue if the piece were given in dumb-show we should

still know exactly what these people were like.

Nothing could be more dramatically effective than the way the action switches our sympathies this way and that. These boys are the victims of society? Yes, but also human beings with human failings. The headmaster is a cunning old paternalist? Yes, but he is also a man giving a lifetime of concern to trying to get the best out of them. The gym instructor is a thick-headed brute? Yes, but his nature gives him a responsive understanding of many of his charges. A visiting drama teacher is a top of light bringing to life their deprived imaginations (in a mime exercise rather too good to be true)? Yes, but he is also a sorcerer's apprentice likely to be drowned in the real hysteria evoked by his well-meaning exercises.

What is everything in terms of black and white will, blinkered as ever, call all this sitting on the fence. In fact it reveals a concern for truth—and results in a dramatic seasaw far more stimulating than any gloating denunciation.

What I could speak as warmly of the National Youth Theatre's other arm in Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday* at the Shaw Theatre. This genial play is displaced by academic blueboots buzzing past on the way to more purulent matter, though Dekker obviously knew none better, the truth of Tudor London. Not so this production. Within an admir-

Art Galleries

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ADLAIDE FESTIVAL THEATRE GENERAL MANAGER

The Adelaide Festival Theatre is due to be completed at the end of 1972 and is to be opened early in 1973.

The General Manager will be the Chief Executive and Administrative Officer of the Theatre and in due course of a Performing Arts Centre, of which the Theatre will be a major component.

The Adelaide Festival Theatre will be a multi-purpose theatre, used as a concert hall and for large-scale theatrical productions as well as other ancillary uses such as conventions, etc. It will be a principal venue for the Adelaide Festival of Arts, now held each two years. Seating capacity will be 2,000. The Theatre is a joint venture of the Government of South Australia and the Adelaide City Council. It is intended that the Theatre will be administered by an independent body.

The General Manager must possess proven administrative ability and wide management experience, including financial planning and control. Experience in financial arrangements connected with concert and theatrical productions and letting of halls would be desirable but not essential. He will be responsible for promoting an extensive usage of the theatre throughout the year.

The salary will be negotiated according to ability and experience with a minimum of £4,500 sterling. Consideration will be given to subsidising removal expenses and, if required, help will be given in obtaining suitable accommodation.

The appointment would be immediate and applicants are to state the approximate time at which they would be available to commence duty.

Applications are to be marked "confidential" and addressed to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Adelaide, South Australia, 5000, from whom further information can be obtained.

Applications close—30th September, 1971.















# IN MY FASHION LUNCHEON AT HARRODS by Ernestine Carter

**B**REAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S may have been all right for Audrey Hepburn, but lunch at Harrods will be especially when it is Sir Hugh Fraser.

Sir Hugh succeeded his father, Chairman of the House of Fraser when Lord Fraser died in 1966. Now only thirty-five, slight, slim, tall, with crisp, dark hair, he is a ball of fire in a tweed suit, a soft smile gives a touch of inimitable James M. Barrie charm to anything he says.

Although Sir Hugh was host, I had been invited by Mr Robert Midgeley, another Scot pure and simple. I was told that Midgeley, now Managing Director of Harrods, tall, slim, silver-haired, is not new to the House of Fraser. Before he came to Harrods last year he was Managing Director of Derry & Toms, a branch of the Rackham's in Birmingham.

As if this wasn't enough to pass, Lord Redmayne, Chief Whip, two Prime Ministers, Mr Macmillan and Sir Alec Douglas-Home, and now Deputy Chairman of Harrods Ltd. since 1970, Sir Robert Midgeley, Sir Hugh's Personal Assistant, Mr William Metcalfe, Harrods' General Sales Manager. The occasion was my introduction to Harrods new Food Halls.

Although the talk rained, it was a feast for the eyes. To Sir Hugh, Harrods is the star in his crown of over a hundred stores, he is well aware that it is an ordinary store. "Harrods is a great attraction, like the Tower of London," The British Travel

Association agrees. Harrods, they say, is "in the top of the league for foreign visitors, even those who haven't come to shop. It is an institution."

But even institutions can't stand still, and Sir Hugh says "Harrods has got to move." Mr Midgeley adds, "But we must look at each move not twice but three times. It must be in keeping with Harrods. It must have the Harrods imprint."

**THE NEW FOOD HALLS** are an example of this thinking. The principle of self-service has been given the Harrods treatment. And Courtenay Pope, the shop fitter, who adapted the space, have preserved the Harrods atmosphere. Wherever possible, they have retained as much of the original 1902 décor as possible, like the marble wall behind the Charcuterie section with its noble fringe of salami, sausages and hams.

The result is self-service with a Harrods difference. They even call it "self-selection." No longer do you have to queue at cash desks after each purchase. ("Not cash desks," says Mr Midgeley, "reception areas.") You can sit in comfort in a special section and give one vast order which will be assembled for you ready for collection or delivery.

In the Pantry or help-yourself section, if you want advice or information there are Harrods hostesses to assist you. Instead of aisles so narrow that one small print-on-their-shoulder reader can bottle-neck those behind, the aisles are spacious. Instead of wire baskets, there are fibreglass trays in Harrods green each lined with fresh white and gold paper.

The new wall tiles are in Harrods green too.

**IN THE CHARCUTERIE**, there are knowledgeable types behind the counter to help you choose from the 40 different pâtés, the salamis from Italy, Austria, Belgium, France and Germany, the hams and the cheeses.

For frozen foods (displayed in a special 44-ft long four-storey high freezer), there are dry ice containers, and, if you are taking food to the country, insulating boxes that will keep the foods frozen for 24 hours.

Harrods food specialists remain in charge of each section—Mr Bowen, cheese, Mr Doucet, meat, Mr Smith, fish, Mr Hill, poultry and game, Mr Deuchar, dry groceries. They are all veteran Harroddians. "It's a life job," says Sir Hugh.

Harrods has its own bakery in Trevor Square. As more and more small bakeries are being replaced by unattractive boutiques, it is no wonder that there are queues waiting for the warm bread, and that the Bakery sells 100 dozen croissants a day.

Harrods also make their own sausages. In fact, Mr Midgeley points out, there is more staff behind the scenes than on the floor.

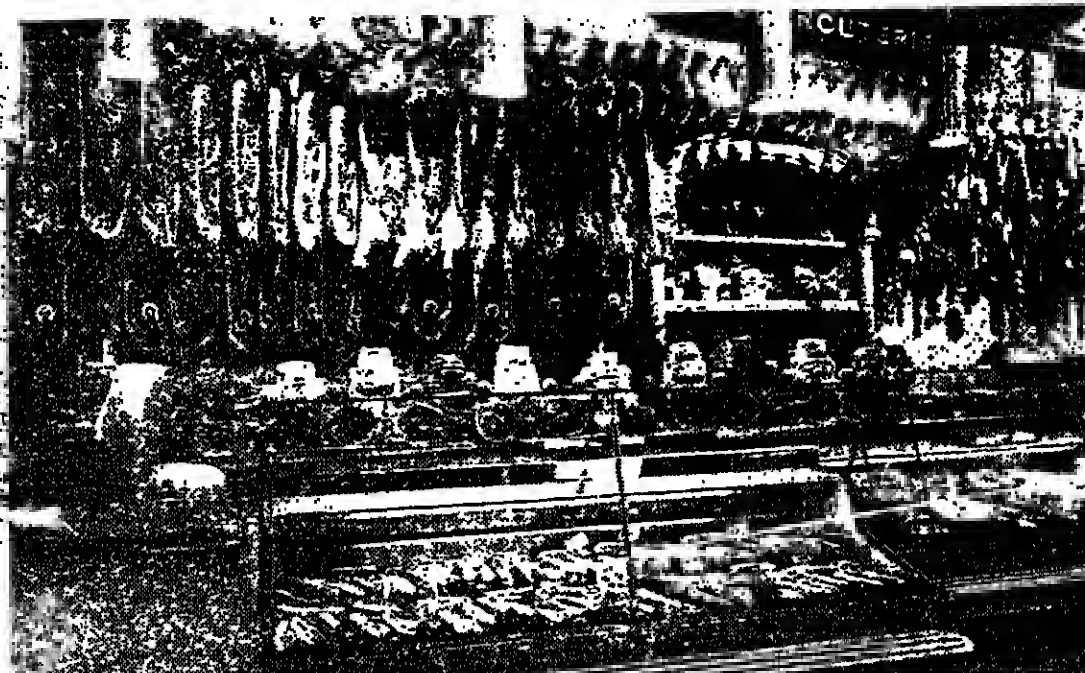
The Food Halls are 24,000 square feet of sheer temptation. They tempted me, and, after a luncheon which displayed all Harrods virtuosity (cornets of smoked salmon and potted shrimp, crown roast with baby vegetables, raspberries and cream, petits fours and coffee, not to mention Steinwein 1969 and a Chateau Talbot 1964), that took some doing.



TARTAN will be for winter what checks were for summer. One of the liveliest leaders of the check set was Serena Shaffer of Electric Fittings; she is also a leader in the tartan trail. Serena, 25, ex-St. Martin's School of Art says the name was a disaster—like something you'd see looking through an old Army & Navy catalogue. "The company is only a year and five months old (just between Serena's two children, Joe, 'two and a bit', and Sam, seven months). Serena designs, and she explains, 'Laura, ex-Kingston, pattern cuts and Valerie sustains us all.' Serena's husband, a

psychiatrist, is a director of the company. The Shaffers and Electric Fittings are moving from Turner's studio—a glorious hugger-mugger of clothes, modern sculpture, one of Andy Warhol's Marilins ('a pink one'), babies and dogs—to a larger house, 'a pink one' in New York. Shockmann in Helsinki, the Globus chain in Switzerland. "I know my way around these days," says Serena. "It makes me feel very old."

TARTAN by Electric Fittings. Left: dungarees buttoned or either side, £28, Harrods Way in, Beret by Tiffers, £4, Miss Selfridge shops; shirt, £6, Browns; rubber boots, £6.75, Simpson, Piccadilly. TARTAN by Foale & Tuffin. Right: pinofore dress, the bodice buttoned or either side, £15.50, Harrods, London; lounge, Bath; Vicky, Cobham; Go to Jericho, Orford. Shirt by Foale & Tuffin, £10, Horrey Nichols; beret, £4.40 and lunchbox, £2.65, Mr Freedom; Mary Quant's tights, 75p, Peter Robinson; clogs, £3.15, Mr Wit.



The Charcuterie in Harrods' New Food Halls

## KEEPING UP

With Glows and Glossamers, the cosmetic world never rests. Just as we get used to gels (and pink-stained finger tips), they come up with Glows and Glossamers.

Estée Lauder is the Glossamer queen. For her "1971 face will glister" and her glossamers are to give lips "a high intensity shine." They come in small pale blue pots or in lipstick shades in pale blue and gold, all packed in the Fresh Air wavy bands of pale coffee, pale blue,

white and navy. There are eight colours each in the pots and lipsticks, from a clear gloss to Wild Grape and Chestnut. (Pots, £1.20; sticks, £1.30.)

Charles of the Ritz is the Glow king. In cream or liquid, their Revenescence Moisture glow is a moisturiser combined with colour, and it does what they say it will do—give your skin a soft warm glow and the busy lady one less thing to have to do. It comes in three colours, the liquid, £3.45, the cream, £3.45, but not till September.

For glow Estée Lauder has Face

and Cheek Tints, a "glide-on rouge" which combines gel and cream. In six colours, a jar is £2. For glow, Charles of Ritz have packed their ClearGel (not finger-staining, they say) in compact form and call them Cheek Pommades. In four colours and cased in marbled pink, £1.75.

For gloss, Charles of the Ritz have Pommades for lips and eyes. For lips, there are transparent ClearGel lipsticks "for sheer glister" in five colours, £1.10. For eyes there are Eye Shadow Pommades, in four shades, £1.45.

## Personal

continued from page 24

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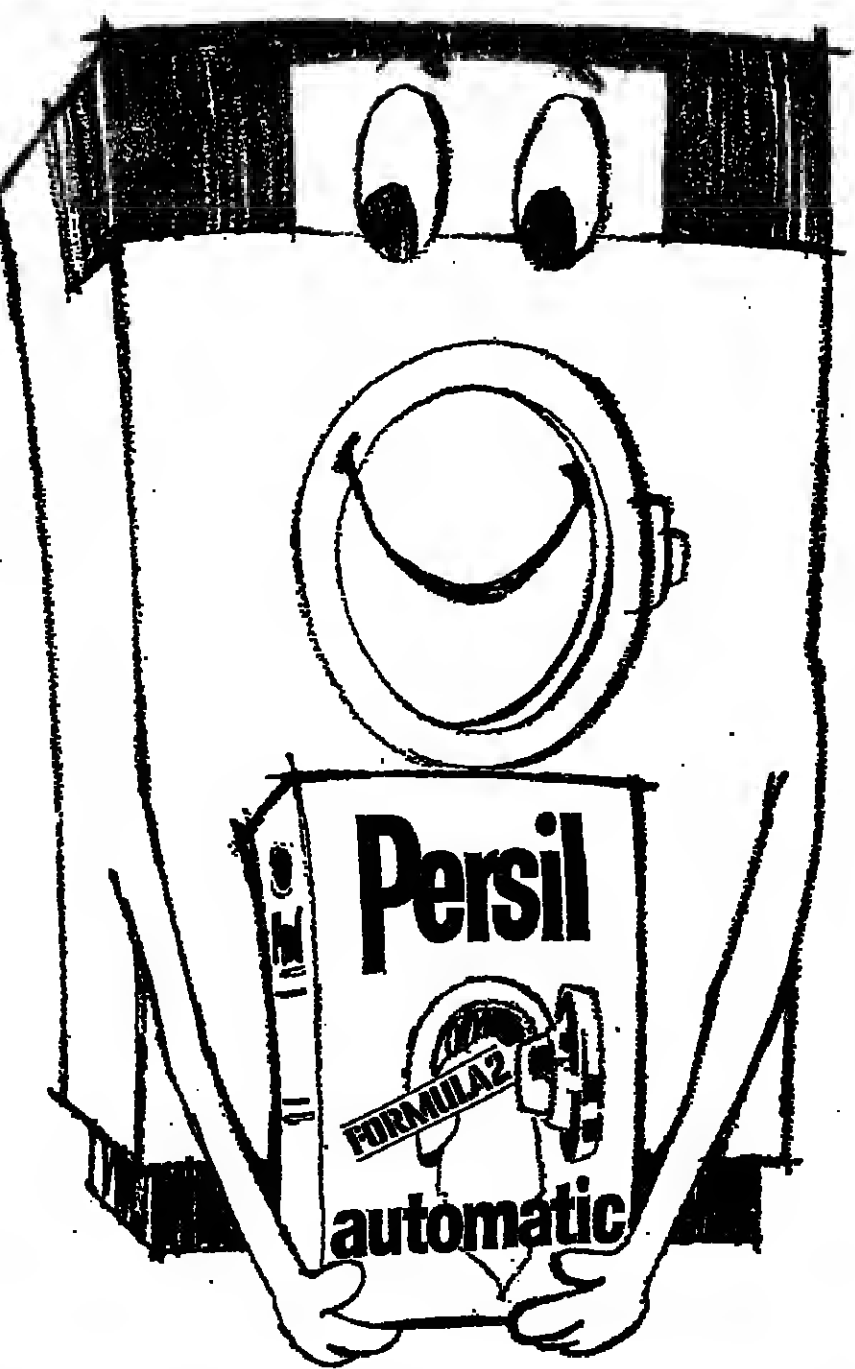
Front-loaders dread breaking down. So they're never very happy with ordinary powders, which make a rich, clogging lather that can even force them to overflow.

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## CRETE

CRETE, as Icarus might have seen it, looks like a benevolent sea-monster with a shark's tail swimming for all its worth away from the coast of Turkey. The back end, that is east from Iraklion to Sitia and beyond, has the remains of all that mattered most in the Minoan world—Knossos, Phaestos, Gortyna and Malia; it has Crete's only really luxurious hotel (Minoas Beach), a complex of dignified white cottages superbly sited on the edge of a sheltered bay and the international airport which is now served by BEA who fly direct from London to Iraklion every Friday evening.

The best roads, most of the fertile land—excluding the dazzling plain of windmills—and the lion's share of Crete's still-small tourist trade are also in the east. So is the Iraklion Museum, for me the most compulsive indoor viewing in the Mediterranean.

Crete west of Iraklion is wilder and poorer, more primitive and more private. It is Kazantzakis' "Freedom or Death" country. Mountains and gorges, caves, isolated monasteries and goat-track communications have the inter-tribe natural protection for guerrilla resistance to two centuries of Turkish domination and

four merciless years of German occupation.

The monastery of Arkadhi in the western tip of the Ithra range is for Cretans the symbol of resistance. It is their Masada, a mountain fortress whose defiant monks, like the Hebrew Zealots two millennia earlier, preferred mass suicide to slavery. In 1886 the women, children and resident monks of a Cretan garrison at Arkadhi dynamited themselves rather than surrender to the Turks. Of the original convent built by the Venetians in the middle 1500s only the facade has survived that battle. The rest is restoration. But what remains of the original structure has a classical elegance lovely to look on and all the more fascinating because such fragile beauty is so much at odds with the monastery's harsh surroundings and bloody history.

The upland villages west of Ithra are where you are still likely to see the traditional high boots, haggis pants, broad sash and black head cloth worn for work by farmers and shepherds; the formidable gorge of Samaria south of the great high plain of Omolios is the last natural home of the Cretan wild goats—*arkari* as they are called—but you will be lucky indeed if you see one. They live in the inaccessible mountain wilderness surrounding Samaria, one of the

# COMPASS

deepest, longest gorges and wilder walks in Europe (though not too wild for my colleague Dilys Powell who travelled through it on foot this summer, returning by the only other possible means of transport, the hack of a mule. She will tell the story of that walk on this page shortly).

But western Crete is not all rock, grandeur and challenge. South of Rethymnon, a Venetian harbour town with a Turkish air (and an ideal touring centre) is a stretch of arched country-side with steep green hills, well-ordered farms, giggling brooks and ageless white villages—a paradise for poets, motorists, lovers and early spring lambs.

Approaching the town from Iraklion (an hour's drive on the fast road, a day's expedition if you potter along byways and stop to explore villages) you pass through vineyards and orange groves and over the sweet-smelling honey moors where there are so many flowers that the bees must get dizzy deciding which one to suck. The air is heavy with the scent of blossom but never heavy because the sea is so near. Sometimes you see it,

sometimes you cannot because of the great green cliffs which dissolve every few miles into sandy bays. Some of the bays protect a huddle of white houses, some a tiny cane-covered cafe serving bathers with fish and wine. Some look as if no one had been there since Ulysses sailed by.

It is pointless to put names to such places. Anyone prepared to take the time to match place-names to marks on the map will with less trouble find another bay, another white village just as lovely for himself. It is what happens to you rather than where you go that matters most in western Crete.

I do not remember the name of the village where the chickens were scratching up the forebore, where two tiny boys in a skiff were almost melting with pleasure because they had caught a spider crab, where the cafe is an extension of the most prosperous fisherman's kitchen. But I do remember the old lady who when she saw we wanted something to eat, produced coffee, limpets, tiny raw artichokes and raki for tea. We consumed the

I remember the shy woman in black who saw me one morning admiring the flowers smothering her cottage on a steep whitewashed street. She came out and led me by the hand into her living room, warm with rag rug embroidered hangings and family photos. Sugared almonds and raki were served. I remember the sweet yellow wine and shiny yellow pastries which were the offering in a farmyard on East Saturday. We were watching her ease the skin off a kid deftly as a beau would slip a glove off his lady's hand. A few minutes, and half a dozen eloquent gestures later, chairs were pushed under the apple tree and a family stood round enjoying our enjoyment of their hospitality.

Most of all I remember an heater, a sodden mongrel shed dog and four shepherds in traditional garb who insisted on giving us coffee and raki at 10 o'clock one chilly, drizzly morning on the mountains between Chania and Chora Sfakion where we stopped to look for the local curd cheese. But I cannot recall the names of the villages and I did not want them down at the time. It seems irrelevant. You cannot gaze at hospitality. In Crete you go to do it. Like the mountains at the sea, it's around you all the time.

Jean Robertson

## CYPRUS

DANGER: grape juice on road. —Autumn road signs around Limassol.

THIS is not, of course, a year-round warning. But if you're visiting Cyprus in the next fortnight or so, you are likely to find this unusual bazaar. The cause is the Limassol wine festival and already the signs advertising the event are on every road in the south-west of the island.

I will happily add another warning: Danger—grape juice everywhere. Limassol is the centre of the wine-producing area and a few random samples quickly show that the reputation Cyprus has in Britain for producing only cheap and dubious sherry is unjustified: make no mistake, on the island itself there are excellent wines and some fine brandy (try, for example, Domaine d'Ahera, a fine red, the

Coeur de Lion rose and the White, Pink and Dark Lady range).

Indeed, if you can afford the time and money to call in for a few days during festival time, then do so. (Tourist night return flight by BEA or Cyprus Air Lines in September costs £108. In October it's only £99: at peak periods it's up to £157.90.) Cyprus has clearly a great deal to offer apart from the festival: not just the sunshine, not just history, not just good food and wine at very reasonable prices (pay £1.50 a head and you're a glutton).

"XENOS does not simply mean stranger: it also means guest." —Mn on the Nicosia bus.

GO FOR a snack in Cyprus... and prepare to cancel all appetites made for the next three hours or so. Whether it be for lunch or dinner, there is only one thing to do after a lengthy meal: retire to sleep (in the best of high summer an afternoon nap is

certainly essential, for the Cypriot lunch will put paid to the best intentions of sight-seeing).

Hospitality can be almost as embarrassing as it is on Crete (which is praise indeed): even allowing for the tensions between Greek and Turk—still watched over carefully by the United Nations, the latest if less ubiquitous and unwanted in the line of invaders—there is only friendliness to the stranger: I'm sorry, the guest.

This shows itself partly in the restaurants. I ate one evening at the Greek Taverna in the walled capital of Nicosia, a splendid open-air restaurant with authentic Greek-Cypriot food and authentic Greek-Cypriot diners. I started, as usual, with the meze, a vast hors d'oeuvre of about 15 dishes which would be a meal in itself. The head waiter took the trouble to explain each particular dish and delicacy and was but only when I opted out of the mixed grill having followed the meze with a fish course or two and a kebab. Finally, because he couldn't see a taxi, he summoned

a friend to run me the few miles back to the Hilton Hotel—free.

And talking of eating, I would recommend also in Nicosia the vine-covered and lemon-tree-surrounded Lemonaia—better-known as Chani's Bar—just a short step from Metaxas Square. And, moving 99 miles west either the Pella (yes, there are two real Pellas there) or Theo's Bar (especially for fish) at the delightfully unspoiled west coast seaford at Milnes Bay. New Paphos (misnamed because its foundation date is sufficiently obscure for it not to be known). New Paphos, a stone's throw from Ktima, is a fine place to stop when touring from Limassol, past the RAF Episkopi cricket pitch to the Temple of Apollo, to Aphrodite's birthplace, to the Temple of the Kings, and for the overall historical bit of this part of the island.

The plain folk can simply lie in bliss on the empty sun-kissed beaches towards Coral Bay, where you are disturbed only by the sound of the sea. Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, knew what she was doing when she chose the

sea off south-west Cyprus for her birthplace.

"BETTER to have loved a lion than never to have loved at all." —Tennyson

IT'S CERTAINLY better to have been to Cyprus for a short time than never to have been at it. But what can he know, you will ask, who knows only part of the island?

I know that whether you sit in the Troos Mountains (perhaps in Platres or in Primos) or close to Limassol (where Trust House Forte brand-new Apollonia Beach Hotel offers not only good food a comfort but also good value) whether you go purely for a wine festival, whether you go seek past or present, sun or sea, or for a mix of the two, you will find it all. I know that you will find it all. I know that you will find it all. I know that you will find it all.

Duncan Gardin

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3 Select Nicholas, apparently, to have a special meal. (6)

9 The outlines of a case against outlaws. (8)

10 Express naturally.

11 Notes in a certain way certain periods of time. (2)

12 Una and one lad get together in the carriage. (5)

13 Keen to rob, but upset by damaged foot. (6, 3)

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bedroom. Kibben Town House.  
 13 original example. (9)  
 14 Casual creatures who are  
 15 homeless may have to start  
 16 from scratch to survive!  
 17 (5, 7)  
 18 Top people of the country  
 19 Hill guide who will pest  
 20

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ball factory is to check that the weight of each ball is "dead on, and to reject the occasional ball whose weight is not standard. It is only equipment for the purpose, as a simple, though accurate, bal-	organised by an international body—or is that a cheating cue? (6)	20	gradually disappearing. Sounds as if it goes on and on at the breakfast table. (6)
25	Final occasion for the cobbler's work? (4, 4)	22	Person who keeps getting involved in essays? (5)
26	Term for a girl. (6)		

With the help of this, a piece of chalk, and what he had learnt from the Work Study people, Bill invariably did his check-weighing with

number of weighings but also the minimum loading of the balance which this permitted. When Bill returned from the canteen one day, his assistant confessed that he had accidentally drowned one

heavier or lighter than standard (he did not know) into a bin containing 14 dozen good balls, and, since all looked and felt alike, Bill had to reweigh the lot in a

How many balls were used in the first of these weighings?

Answers (not correspondence)

5:55. The Sunday Times, 23 (1879)  
Direct, WCCB 011 to give not  
later than the second post Friday,  
September 5. The first correct  
entry drawn wins £5 prize.  
Adds correspondence to the  
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A 11/10/79. 10/10/79. 10/10/79

(Statistics available on request.) This nest one was not so easy as it looked yet the large bag of eggs appeared solidly correct.	Name
First down being Miss J. Weaver, Bloomfield Drive, Odd Town, Somerset.	Address

[illegible][illegible]

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